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fore were strong and almost bombastic; in short, to see how, year after year, he is learning that to be a great actor he must strive to imitate closely the passions and feelings of man, and to be thoroughly successful must keep this grand, object in view, caring nought for the approbation or disapprobation of the blood and thunder loving groundlings, but pursuing steadily the course he has adopted, feeling that, that adhered to, he must in time attain to the true greatness for which he is striving.

Within the last few years Mr. Booth's acting has undergone an almost entire change—before, it was crude, manneristic and inflated, with brilliant flashes of genius and dramatic power here and there, but, as a whole, far from satisfactory—but now *il a changé tout cela*, and in the place of crudeness we have high finish, a few mannerisms still remain, but these are hidden by such fine, powerful acting that they are hardly noticeable, and detract but little from the general excellence of his performances.

This change is prominently noticeable in the gentleman's performance of Sir Giles: what was but a mediocre piece of acting is now nearly perfect and must take rank as one of his best personations—the cringing servility to his superiors—the overbearing tyranny to those who are beneath him—the ambitious feeling of the father, and then the last grand burst of passion, when, foiled at every point, the avaricious miser dies of baffled rage and hate are simply magnificent, and we cower beneath the baleful glances of the deep-dyed villain, while we sit in admiration of the power, genius and subtle art of the great actor.

SHUGGE.

#### ART MATTERS.

The collection of pictures by Mr. A. Wust, now on exhibition at the fine gallery of Messrs. Miner and Somerville, 82 5th Ave., and to be sold at auction on Monday evening of next week, appears to have excited so much interest among the press and the public that I feel tempted to criticize it at greater length than I have yet been able to.

Imprimis, then, Mr. Wust, who was always a careful and conscientious artist, has greatly improved in style during his absence from this country, and his pictures are now marked by a greater breadth of coloring and a handling which at times is masterly, while his effects are strong and striking to the last degree. The critic of one of our daily journals has taken Mr. Wust severely to task, however, for this last quality in his painting, maintaining that the gentleman strives more after effect than truthfulness to nature; his arguments, I think, do not hold good—a servile copying of objects in a landscape is not art; the verriest dabbler can count the number of stones in a road or leaves on a bush and give us a careful and elaborate drawing of them, but true art is something more than this, and we look in a landscape for sentiment, feeling, and breadth of effect rather than an elaborate portrait of the minor objects, which, of course, all go to make up the grand whole, but which, in a picture, show to much greater effect and are in reality more truthful when somewhat generalized. This is the

school Mr. Wust has adopted, and the result is a series of pictures strongly and vigorously painted, free from conventionality, and marked by a true, genuine feeling of nature which is greatly to be admired.

The two most prominent pictures in the collection are "A Norwegian Waterfall by Moonlight" and "Mountain Torrents in Norway." Having noticed them at length in previous articles, I will go on to the other works in the gallery for critical food. The "Norwegian Landscape with Folgefond Glaciers in the distance," is, to my fancy, the finest of these; there is sombre feeling of loneliness and grandeur about it which is very impressive—the glaciers in the distance, the lowering clouds, the bleak and storm-scarred appearance of the landscape, and the dashing, foaming waterfall which leaps down the cliffside and is boiling and seething in the abyss below, are all admirable, and form a picture which should stamp Mr. Wust as a thoroughly great painter; a painter whose reputation will not be ephemeral, but is destined to last to future time.

Next in point of excellence, and in strong contrast to, the above-mentioned pictures is "Gathering Seaweed"—Coast of Jersey, England," a bright sunny marine view, full of atmosphere and an out-door feeling which is unmistakeable. One can see that the painter has felt his subject and truthfully reproduced the effect he has seen, and while, in his Norwegian pictures, Mr. Wust has presented Nature to us in her sterner and more forbidding aspect, we have her here, joyous, sunny, wreathed in smiles and breathing forth happiness and hilarity from every pore.

"Twilight" is another exquisite little picture; a strong, vivid sky behind a landscape, almost black in effect, but still retaining the almost imperceptible warmth of the departing sunlight, while, here and there, we can distinguish through the general obscurity some object of the landscape. The sky is wonderfully luminous in effect, and were it not for some disagreeable coloring in the upper part would be nearly perfect, this fault could be easily overcome, however, by a balancing color in the foreground landscape, and should be set down as an error in judgment, such as any artist is liable to, rather than a great fault.

"The White Mountains" is one of the largest, and in many respects one of the finest pictures in the collection; the effect of space and distance are admirably managed, the color is good and the whole is characterized by that fresh, atmospheric feeling which Mr. Wust appears to be so successful in obtaining.

Two very charming pictures are "Moonlight" and "Moonlight in the Forest, Hague." Mr. Wust has here attempted effects which, though often painted, are seldom successful. Moonlight is something which appears to be very difficult to put on canvas effectively, and at the same time retain that color we see in nature. Mr. Wust has been successful in accomplishing both these ends and deserves all praise.

There are many other works of great merit in this collection of which I would fain speak further but space forbids; nevertheless, gentle reader, I hope that I have made clear to you the general excellence of the pictures, and let us hope that on the occasion of their sale, next Monday evening,

for the honor of American good taste and discrimination, they will bring good prices. Mr. Wust has received great honors among the art schools of Europe, and it would augur badly for national pride and justice to see his work neglected or sneered at in his native country.

A. H. Wyant is at work on a landscape which he calls "The Lakes of Killarney"; a broad stretch of rocky, volcanic mountains, and in the valley a bright, shimmering lake, which reflects the cool, grey colors of the sky. In addition to this larger work, Mr. Wyant has just finished another charming landscape of Irish scenery of a smaller size, which is in every way delightful. The gentleman's style is an eminently pleasing one, and, moreover, truthful in color, drawing, and effect. There is just a sufficient smack of the prerafaelite in his foreground painting to render it truthful, while his general effects are broad and vigorous—a combination which can never fail to make a fine picture.

Craig, the water colorist, has on his easel a bright, sunny landscape of scenery near Trenton, N. J., in which he has introduced the Autumn coloring with good effect, while the whole picture is painted with good freedom, and boldness of style and execution.

In speaking of Mr. Wenzler last week, through an error of type, the name was spelt *Wengler*, and it is but just this correction should be made "to prevent," as Sir Lucius says, "any confusion that might arise."

Prompted by an unconquerable feeling of gallantry, I propose to devote the "Art Matters" of next week to the ladies. We have amongst us many female artists, many of them possessing great talent, whose names are seldom brought before the public, and there is no earthly reason why the charming creatures should not, in art criticism, at least, enjoy the same privileges as the sterner sex. To forward this idea I shall be only too happy to call on such of the fair artists as will be kind enough to forward their names and addresses to this office.

PALETTEA.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. — 1866.

DEAR SIR: The announcement of "Eli," by the Beethoven Society drew an enthusiastic assemblage to Allyn Hall. The choruses of this grand Oratorio were magnificently performed under the direction of the skillful musician and enthusiastic leader, Mr. J. G. Barnett. The Society was assisted by a full orchestra from Boston. Dr. Guilmette as Eli, and Mr. Farley for the principal tenor parts, Miss Frankan for Samuel and Misses Miller and Campbell for the soprano solos.

A second hearing of this great work strengthened the impression it had already made, and showed it to be a composition of a very high order, and worthy a place among the greatest Oratorios of the day. It evinces native genius, heightened by all the means and resources of art. It is light and elegant in its outlines, impressive in its details, and leads on the mind of the hearer with an augmenting interest to the conclusion—the tragic death of Eli.

With few exceptions it was sung and played *con amore*, as if every one felt a personal interest in what they were doing. The result of this zeal

was an energy, fire, and unity of execution, which could hardly have been surpassed. The exceptions referred to were Mr. Farley and Dr. Guilmette; the former laboring under the effects of a cold, and the latter could not leave his Christmas service in Boston to be present at the rehearsal. The consequence was an imperfect performance.

The thanks of the community are due to Mr. Barnett; there cannot be a better presiding officer; to great patience, knowledge, and experience, he combines ardor and devotion to his art. It may be truly said no one man has ever done so much for the diffusion of sound musical knowledge, and pure taste among the people of this section of the country. The Beethoven Society, in a great measure, owes to him its existence. It was founded eight years ago, and so ably has it been carried on, that its progress has been regular and uninterrupted, until it has become one of the most prosperous and important musical associations in America.

J. L.

## MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Large report is made by the London *Musical World's* correspondent of a Gurzenich concert at Cologne, in which F. Hiller's oratorio "Saul" was performed for the first time in that city. It was first produced at Dusseldorf's musical festival in 1857 and has since been given at Vienna, Wiesbaden and Basle. Its author—F. Hiller—attempted in his first oratorio—"Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem"—to vie with Mendelssohn, in conciliating the pure religious feeling with the dramatical forms and worldly expression required by our present musical taste. In "Saul" he has made a great step forward, so that this very beautiful work is more to be called a Biblical Drama than an oratorio. In relation to its merits that correspondent has a "grandious" impression, and the libretto by Moriz Hartman is described by him as capital in form, and elevated in style. The execution under Hiller's direction was perfect, he says, "and the splendid choruses of 'Saul' were capitally rendered, for precision of intonation and rhythm. All the soloists did their best, singing 'Con Amore.' Hiller was called out after the performance, and seemed to be much affected by the general, hearty and prolonged applause, which greeted him, beside an orchestral flourish to mark the musicians' assent."

A subscriber to Halle's concerts at Leeds, premising to his plaint furnished the *Musical World* about sundry grievances suffered by patrons, that an unusual amount of patronage and support has been obtained by them, goes on to specify three omissions or commissions there apparent. First, he protests against the absurd rule which prevents ingress during the performance. Secondly, he denounces the so-called "analytical notices" sold by the committee at sixpence each, because they are simply ridiculous. Thirdly, he calls upon the Choral Union to produce some great choral work, and to vary that concert type which has been so continuous.

"The Messiah" being alone vouchsafed to Leeds, while Manchester has already, this season, heard the "Seasons," "The Hymn of Praise," Handel's "Coronation Anthem," Gounod's "O Salutaris," Beethoven's "Hallelujah," and other works of great beauty and power.

The Sacred Harmonic Society of London received for their performance of "Elijah" this season, this compliment from the *Musical World*: "So far as the choral and instrumental parts were concerned, it was the best that we remember in Exeter Hall. Never did Costa direct with greater solicitude, intelligence, and decision; never was the vast body of choral singers more enthusiastic in the performance of its ar-

dous task. Rarely has a performance of "Elijah" been listened to from first to last with more unqualified satisfaction." Mme. Sherrington, Messrs. Elton, and Henderson, and Santley are especially complimented for their part in the oratorio.

That journal's Leipsic correspondence under date of December 17th, discourses freely upon musical affairs there.

He says, "on the evening of the 12th instant, the Direction of the Conservatoire here, gave a *soirée musicale par invitation*, in honor of the King of Saxony's birth-day. First came a chorus for male voices, "Salvum fac regem," expressly composed for the occasion by Mr. Nathan Emanuel, from Birmingham, a pupil of the Conservatoire of Leipsic. Although the somewhat uncertainty of form, and the crudity in the modulations of this work, show want of experience in the young composer, it is not devoid of invention and fancy, and gives no inconsiderable hopes for the future musical career of your countryman. A quartet by Schumann, for stringed instruments (No. 1. in A minor), played by four pupils, gave evidence of the good school still prevailing at this celebrated old establishment. The same may be said about the execution of a quintet for stringed instruments, composed by Rienecke (the Kapellmeister of the Gewandhaus) which was the *morceau brillant* of the programme. A *concerto-pastorale* for the pianoforte, by Moscheles, and an *adagio* and *fugue* for violin, were excellently performed by R. Heckmann from Mannheim, and Mr. Dawydow from Petersburg. Another very indifferent, "Salvum fac regem," for male chorus, composed by R. Heckman, closing the concert, proved that this young gentleman is a better pianist than a composer.

"The eighth Gewandhaus Concert was almost entirely devoted to R. Schumann's compositions, Madame Schumann being the only artist engaged on the occasion. A 'Concert Overture' of Tadaßohn, (manuscript) directed by the composer himself, met with a very cold reception on the part of the public. The title 'Concert Overture' is in no way in keeping with the form of this very pale composition, which may be better denominated an 'Allegro, primo tempo' from a symphony. Not a single new melodic idea, not a single new instrumental effect is to be met with in the entire work. In a word, this composition is a very good exemplar of the modern *rational school*. The concerto for piano and orchestra (No. 2. D minor) of Mendelssohn was beautifully performed by Mme. Schumann. The two movements from a symphony of F. Schubert (manuscript), which were played afterwards, are very far from being so great as the Viennese papers would make out, and nothing to be compared with better works of the great composer, as for example, the Symphony in C major. The effect produced upon the audience by these fragments was a *succès d'estime*—that is, a very cold one. A Prelude of T. Kirchner, 'Scherzo,' and 'Traumswirren' of R. Schumann, were magnificently executed by Mme. Schumann, who, on being vociferously recalled, played a charming romance in D minor, composed by her husband. The 'poliphonically effective' symphony (I quote from an authoritative source, and recommend the expression to Mr. Augustus Manns of the Crystal Palace) of R. Schumann (No. 1. in B flat major), capitally performed by the orchestra, brought the concert to an end.

"At the next Gewandhaus Concert, I hear they are going to give the celebrated 'Ballade,' for solos and male chorus, the 'Frithjof' of Max Bruch (author of the opera 'Lorely'), with Signor Marchesi as the hero (Frithjof). Signor Marchesi—who has been a great favorite here for many years—sang already with great success in the Gewandhaus concert on the 6th inst. A real treat was the fourth *soirée für Kammermusik* in the Gewandhaus on Saturday last, Mme.

Schumann being the pianist, and the Herrend Concertmeister David, Röntgen (violin), Herman (viola), Hegar (violoncello), Guenpert (horn). The ever charming quartet for stringed instruments in A minor (Op. 20), by Schubert, executed to perfection, was the gem of the evening. Not so charming, but very interesting was the quartet in F. Major (No. 2), by Schumann. On the other hand a trio for piano, violin, and horn, by S. Brahms, one of the modern composers who try to replace the real inspiration of musical thoughts by eccentricity and extravagance, was positively tiresome. The masterly execution of David, Mme. Schumann, and Guenpert could not help to transform this mass of heterogeneous sounds into a musical sympathetic unity. The last number of the programme was a *fantaisie* for piano, in three parts (Op. 17) by Schumann, played by Mme. Schumann. I must confess at once that although working many years upon the subject, I am not yet so far initiated into the style as to understand what composers mean by taking a poem as a theme, walking up and down the keyboard from one end to the other, and going through all the sequences possible in harmony, calling it a *fantaisie*. All I can do is, having given you the title and number of the piece, to send you the motto as printed on the programmes, so that some one among the readers of the *Musical World* may take the *fantaisie* home and try to solve the musical charade."

MOTTO.—Durch alle Töne tönet  
Im bunten Erdentraum  
Ein leiser Ton gezogen  
Für den, der heimlich lauschet,  
FR. SCHLEGEL.

The London New Philharmonic Society's sixth, and last *soirée* had a full attendance of members; Fredk. Lablache directed, and Wm. Ganz conducted their performance. Schumann's trio in D for piano-forte, violin and 'cello was played in a very admirable manner by Hensler, Holmes and Paque, the first making a decided impression by the brilliancy of his execution combined with classical feeling. There were two *debutts*—Mme. De Castro and Miss Dové Dolby; the former sang the grand aria "Addio" from L'Africaine, the latter Cinderella's rondo. Both are reported successful, but Miss Dolby is counselled not to torture Rossini so mercilessly in future. The chief interest of that concert, however, centred in a quintet for stringed instruments, composed by H. Holmes, and executed by him, Amor, Burnett, Hann and Paque. Critics speak of it as a fine work, beautifully written, replete with imaginative ideas, and worked out with the skill of a practical musician. After very close heed, it produced a recall for its composer with loud applause, beside a critical dictum that he will carve out for himself a distinguished position in his profession. As a player he may certainly rank among the most eminent violinists of the day.

Charles Halle's 8th concert, at Stockport, called out very enthusiastic report from a *World* correspondent for Haydn's Symphony in B flat as there performed, Carrodus violin solo, Halle's pianoforte playing, and lavish praise of Mme. Sinico for her interpretation of Mozart, Weber, and Bellini's songs. He avers that her conception and interpretation of a composer's ideas entitle her to rank with the highest vocalists of the present day. Wherever she appears in Halle's concerts, she creates a charm which is irresistible.

Dr. Buek who presides over the organ at Norwich cathedral, had opportunity last month to show off in England's National Anthem before the Duke of Edinburgh, and was delighted in delighting him.

The *Musical World* gravely states the very important fact that Bottesini does not assume next season any portion of Costa's supreme control over Gye's Italian Opera, with reference to a report very generally credited in musical circles,